# You Know What You're Doing To Me by BeautyInChains

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"Thought you might need a hand," Billy says, voice rough like gravel.
"A hand," Steve repeats dumbly as Billy takes a step closer, eyes still fixed on Steve's reflection which is beginning to flush under the attention.
"With the beer," Billy clarifies, except for the fact that it doesn't clarify a damn thing; not with the way Billy is looking at him, stepping toward him.

# You Know What You're Doing To Me

**Author's Note:**

> Oh man. I am so happy to be writing again. I've felt so stuck lately and this idea has been swimming around inside my head for ages. I wanted pretty, horny boys reaching their breaking point and coming together for the first time. I hope you guys enjoy! Title borrowed from the song What You Do by James Gillespie.
>
> As always: unbeta'd, kudos/con-crit/comments come at me! You know I love talking about these boys!

They're been dancing around this for weeks.

Steve is buzzed, warm and pleasantly so. And Billy, well, Steve's not sure. Billy's no light weight, but he's gone awful quiet tonight; the usual stream of bullshit and bravado tapering off with only a soft occasional, comfortable sigh breaking the silence.

Steve watches Billy's profile as he swallows down the last of his beer, throat working, just the tiniest drop spilling past his lips and down his chin. Steve shifts against the couch. He can feel his cock give a little kick in his jeans and bites his lip. He's been hard almost all night and it's beginning to take a toll.

"You, uh, want another one?" he asks, wiping his damp palms against his thighs.

Billy hums some sort of affirmative, the deep sound curling low in Steve's belly, "Yeah, I'll have another. If you are."

Steve is up like a shot, praying Billy hasn't noticed the way Steve's cock is filled out against his thigh. The walk to the kitchen is uncomfortable and Steve is nearly dizzy with desire. He braces himself against the sink with a shuddering sigh. He wonders if he could get away with excusing himself to the bathroom, wonders how long it would take him to rub one out. Not long, he thinks as he

presses the heel of his palm against himself just to feel something.

The floor creaks behind him and he jumps, catching Billy's gaze in the window's reflection. Steve doesn't realize he still has a hand pressed against himself until Billy clears his throat, rubs at the back of his neck. Steve drops the hand, lets it hang limply at his side.

"Thought you might need a hand," Billy says, voice rough like gravel.

"A hand," Steve repeats dumbly as his cock throbs in his jeans. Billy takes a step closer, eyes still fixed on Steve's reflection which is beginning to flush under the attention.

"With the beer," Billy clarifies, except for the fact that it doesn't clarify a damn thing; not with the way Billy is looking at him, stepping toward him.

"Beer," Steve echoes as Billy's hands find his hips. He gasps as Billy's fingertips sink beneath his t-shirt, brush against his bare skin, "Billy."

"Mmhmm," Billy murmurs, using his grip to pull Steve's hips back into his and, fuck, Billy is just as hard as he is.

"Fuck," Steve chokes out as Billy's body fits against his own, Billy's firm chest against his back, Billy's cock against his ass. Steve's played this game before, with girls, but being on the receiving end of it is different. And exhilarating.

"I want," Billy starts and Steve can feel the words forming against the shell of his ear.

"Me too," Steve replies, chest heaving as Billy hisses, fingers digging harder into his hips. One hand skates across Steve's quivering belly, down over the front of his jeans to curl against the bulge straining against the fabric. Billy moans into his ear.

"Christ," Billy growls, rutting against Steve's ass, "Knew you were a big boy from the showers, Harrington, but *goddamn*."

"Oh my God," Steve whines, pushing his hips into Billy's grip.

"I got you," Billy murmurs, his hands joining at Steve's fly, working

the button open and zipper down. It takes both hands to gently free Steve's cock with the way it's trapped down his pant-leg. It springs up toward his belly with a slap and Billy whimpers. He hooks his chin over Steve's shoulder to get a better look. It's long and red and thick and so fucking wet. Billy drags his thumb over Steve's cockhead, moaning at the way it causes more precome to well up and drip down his length.

"Fuck, look at you, Pretty Boy. Look at how hard you are, how wet," Billy says, fingers curling around Steve's cock with purpose, stroking him up and down, "This for me?"

Steve whimpers, head tipped downward, entranced by the big, rough hand working his dripping cock, "Yes. *Fuck*. Been hard all fucking night."

Billy's groan rumbles against Steve's back, "Me too."

The thought that Steve has been driving Billy as crazy as he's been driving Steve makes him smile, makes him bite his lip. Steve pushes his hips into Billy's fist and then back into Billy's hips. Steve watches the way Billy's eyes flutter shut, the way his pink lips part in the window's reflection. He's unlike any partner Steve's ever had, but he is equally as beautiful in his own right, if not more.

Steve twists his head to the side, Billy's stubbled cheek grazing roughly against his own, "Fuck Billy, I can't touch you like this. I want to feel you, too."

Billy gives him a few more pumps before releasing his cock and pressing his hand against Steve's warm belly, "You trust me, Harrington?"

Steve huffs out a laugh, "About as far as I can throw you, Hargrove."

"Fair enough," Billy murmurs, nosing at Steve's profile until their eyes can meet in the window, "Trust me now. It'll be good, I promise. I'll be good."

"You'll be good?"

"So fuckin' good, baby."

"Do it," Steve replies with a certainty he can't possibly feel with the outcome unknown.

Billy moans into the crook of Steve's neck, hooks this thumbs into the fabric of Steve's briefs and jerking them down with his jeans. Steve gasps as he is exposed, clutches gracelessly at the counter. The sound of Billy's zipper is so loud as it mingles with their harsh, panting breaths. Steve trembles as Billy's cock, hot and hard and silky brushes against his sensitive skin, the damp head smearing against his ass.

"Billy," Steve says softly and Billy can hear the uncertainty this time.

"I'll be good," Billy says again as he pushes gently at the base of Steve's spine, urging him to bend and arch. The marble counter digs uncomfortably into Steve's forearms, but he can't be bothered to dwell on it, not as Billy's rough fingers skirt back across his hips.

"Open your legs," Billy rumbles, cock catching against the back of Steve's thigh as Billy folds himself over Steve's back.

"Shit, okay," Steve whimpers, parting his thighs as much as the jeans around his knees will allow. Billy strokes down Steve's hips, over the curve of his ass and then Steve can feel the silken heat of Billy's cock slipping between his thighs, against the base of his balls.

"That's it. Close 'em up now, baby," Billy says breathlessly. They're both breathing hard as Steve presses his legs back together, muscles flexing and squeezing around Billy's length, "Fuck, that's it."

It's too dry, even with the way Billy is leaking, and it chafes, but it doesn't matter because Steve can hear the slap of Billy's skin against his, feel the way Billy is achingly hard and throbbing against him as he uses Steve's body to chase his pleasure; so much better than any fantasy Steve has ever had.

Their eyes meet in the window and Steve moans as Billy's hand closes around his cock. "Okay?"

"God, so fucking okay," Steve says, reaching back, long fingers tangling into Billy's curls and pulling.

"Shit, shit, *Steve*."

"Don't stop," Steve whines, pushing his hips up into Billy's fist. Billy jerks him harder, faster, fist flying slickly over Steve's wet, red cock.

"Fuck, you gonna come for me? Been thinkin' 'bout it, for so long. What you'd look like, what you'd feel like. Show me."

Billy watches raptly as Steve eyes flutter shut, as his cock swells and mouth drops open soundlessly, throat cording and body tensing as he spurts over Billy's fist and onto the counter, the cabinets, his belly; rope after rope of thick white come.

"Oh fuck, fuck," Billy grunts, forehead dropping onto Steve's shoulder as his hips stutter and he comes between Steve's thighs, slicking up the last couple thrusts so perfectly Billy feels like he could come all over again. He hisses as Steve releases the grip he's had on Billy's hair, scalp tingling. He eases himself up and off Steve's back, cock slipping wetly from between Steve's legs. Steve pushes himself upright, with a wince.

"Fuck."

Billy clears his throat, can't quite stop the way his lips twitch upward at Steve's wistful tone, "Yeah."

"You were right," Steve says with a laugh as he turns and faces Billy for the first time since he entered the kitchen. He looks ridiculous with his cock still wet and thick, come all over the hem of his t-shirt, and pants pushed down around his knees. He looks fucked out and beautiful and it takes Billy much longer than it should to formulate a reply.

"I'm right about a lot of things, Harrington. You'll have to be more specific."

Steve sucks his bottom lip into his mouth thoughtfully as he takes a step forward into Billy's space. He's so close Billy can hear the way he swallows, feel his breath against his lips. Billy's heart hammers against his chest, their eyes meeting properly this time as Steve speaks.

"You were good."